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CHARLTON

COMICS

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all new



TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES

AND

BAMM-BAMM

a Hanna-Barbera Production



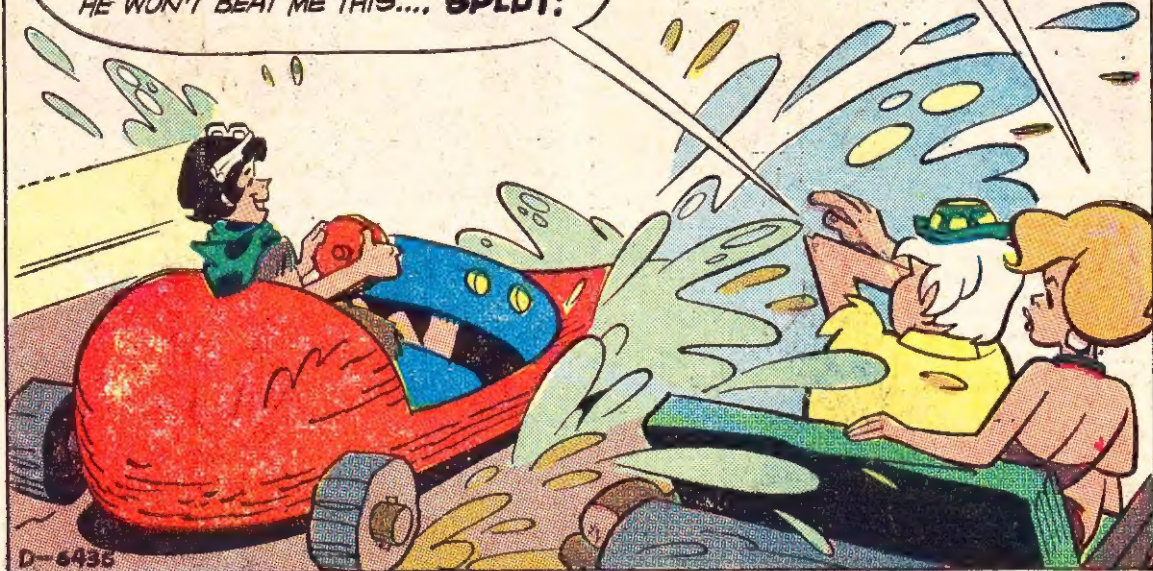
00786

TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN ZOOOOOMM!

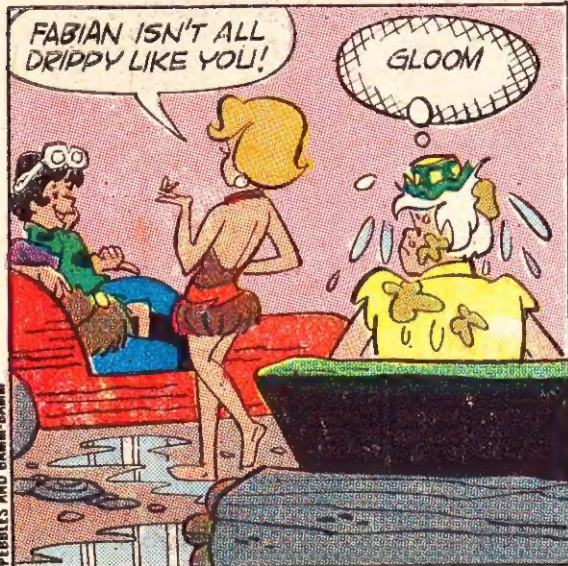
HERE COMES FABQUARTZ!
SINCE HIS RICH FATHER BOUGHT
HIM THE SUPER SIX SPORTS CAR
HE'S ALWAYS SHOWING OFF!.....
HE WON'T BEAT ME THIS.... SPLUT!

CAN'T YOU DRIVE
RIGHT, BAMM-BAMM?
YOU'RE ALL MESSED UP!

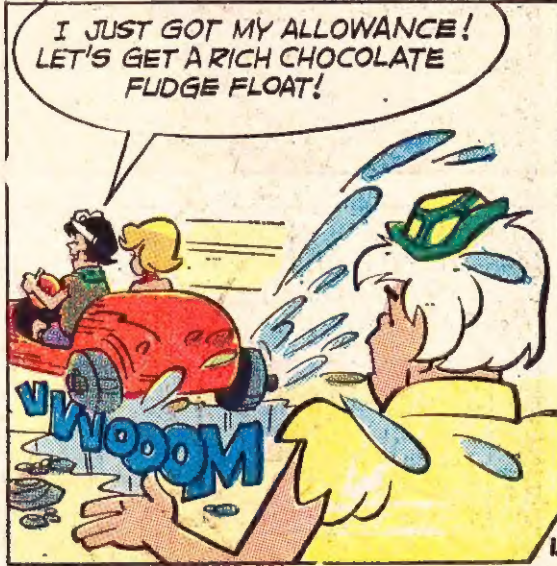


FABIAN ISN'T ALL
DRIPPY LIKE YOU!

GLOOM

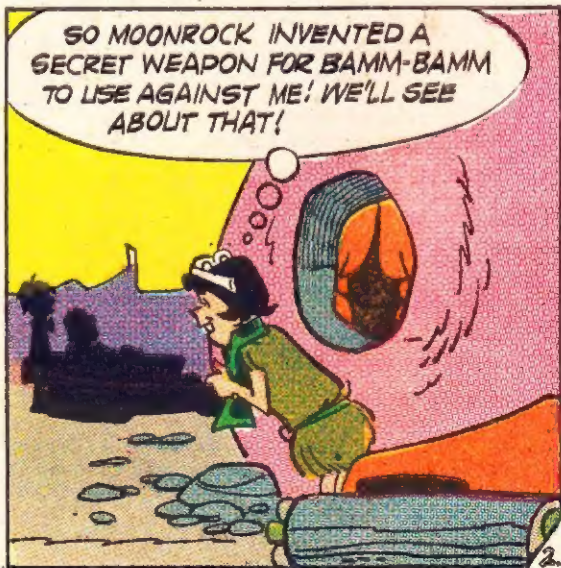
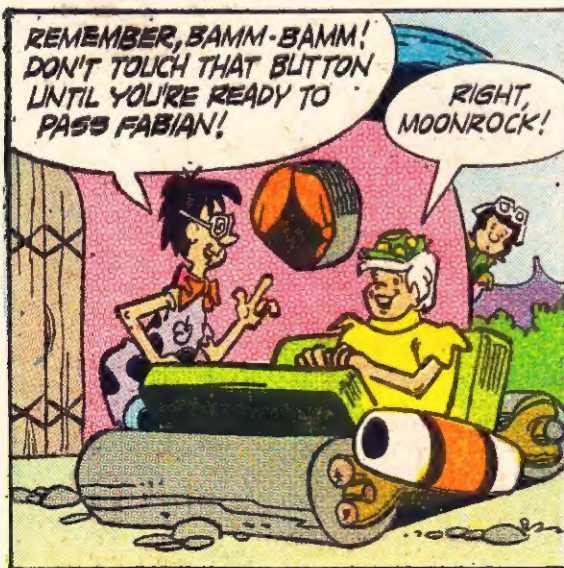
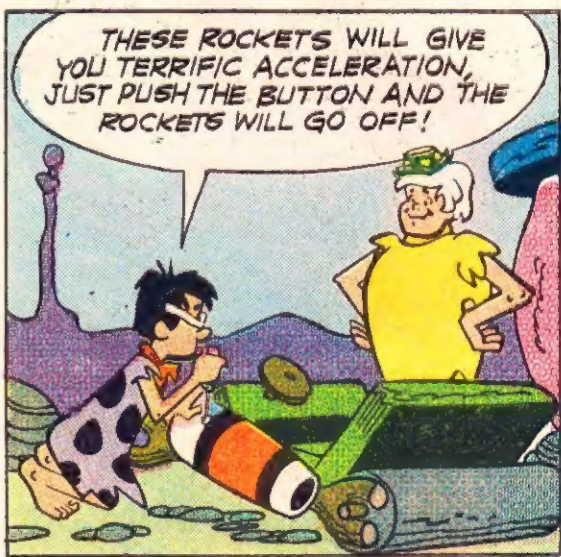
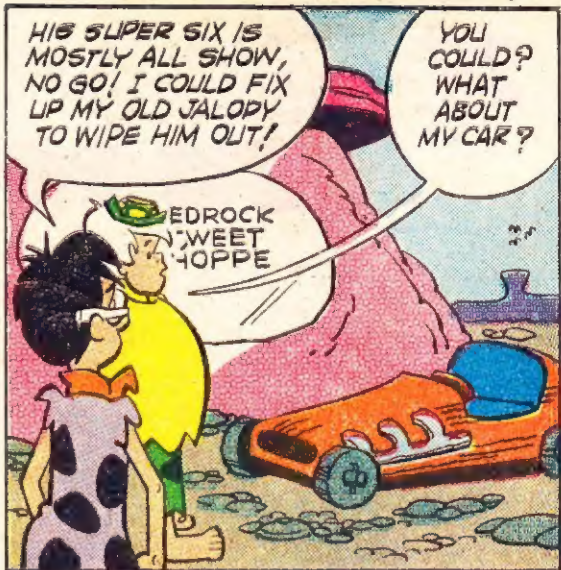
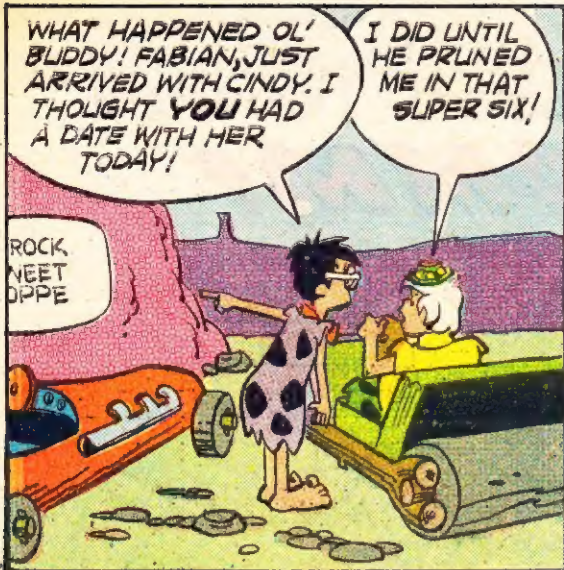


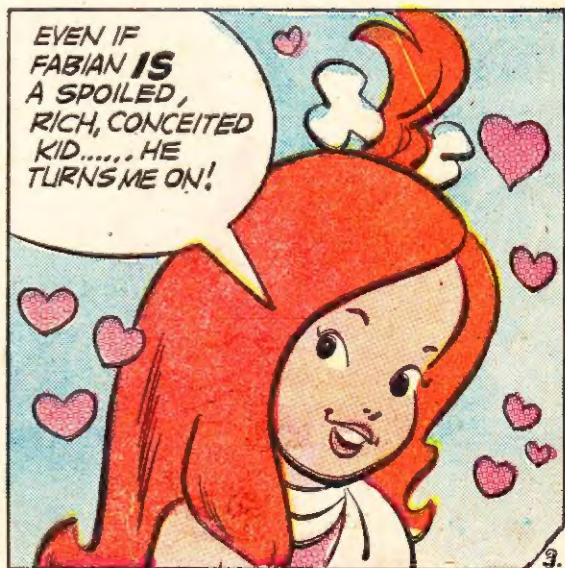
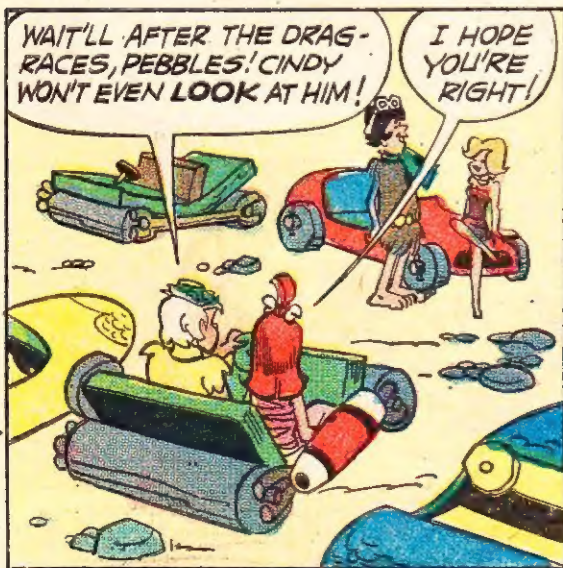
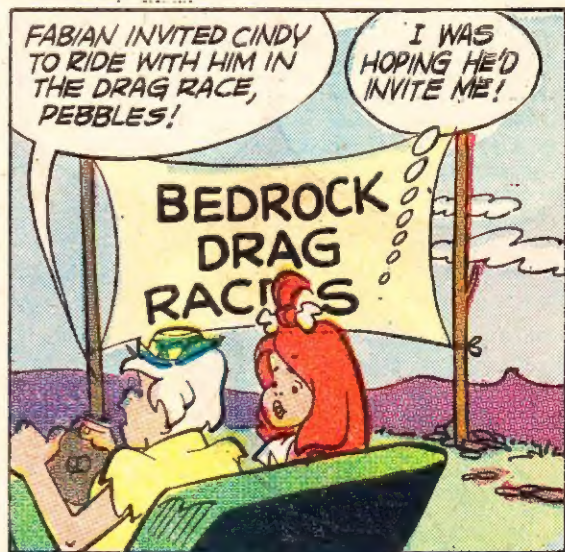
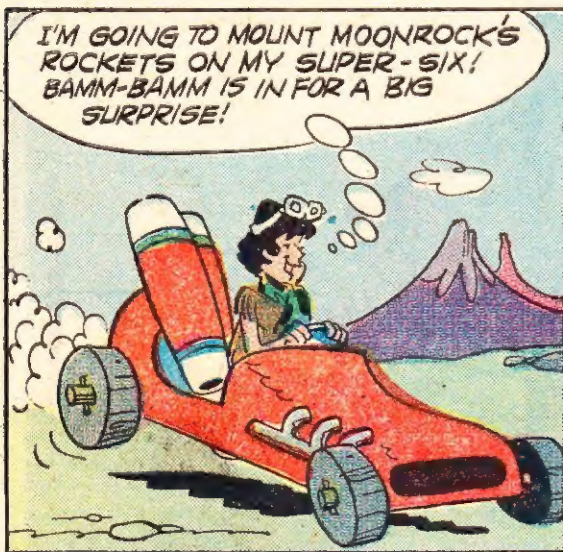
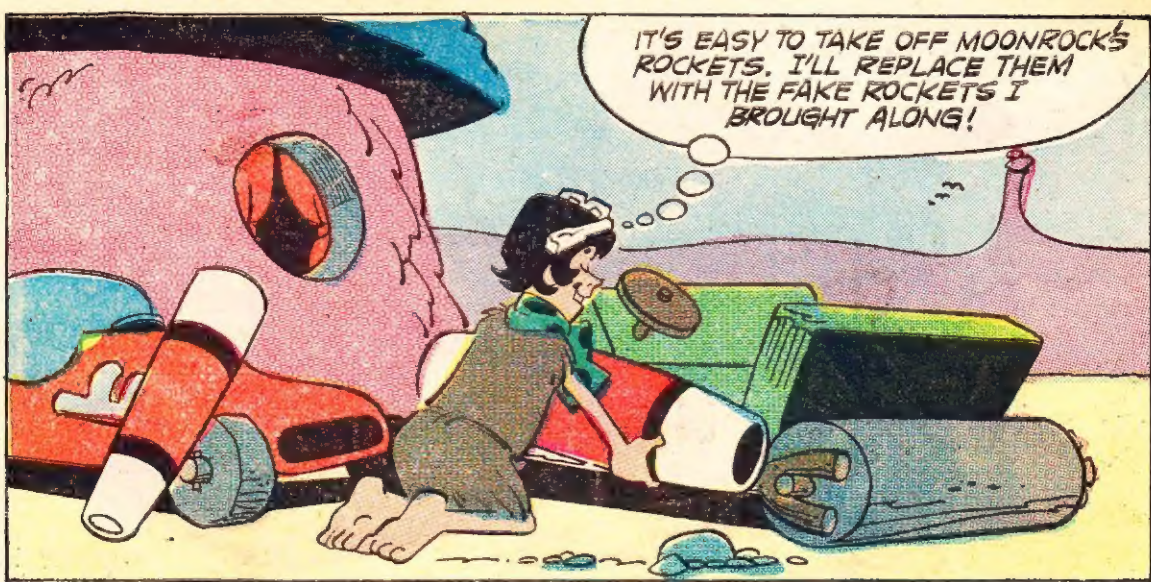
I JUST GOT MY ALLOWANCE!
LET'S GET A RICH CHOCOLATE
FUDGE FLOAT!

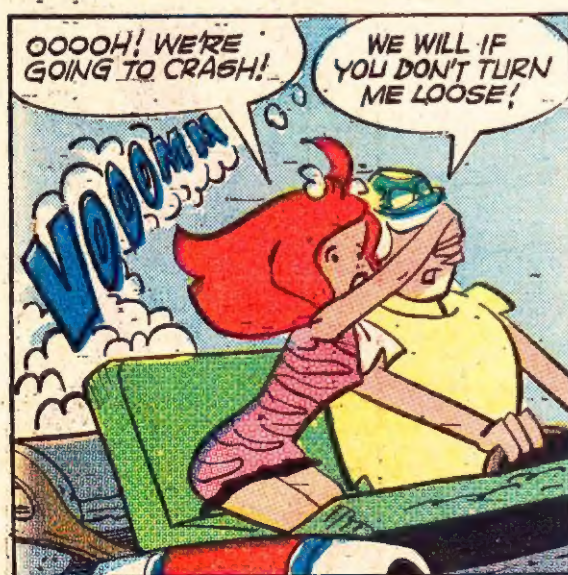
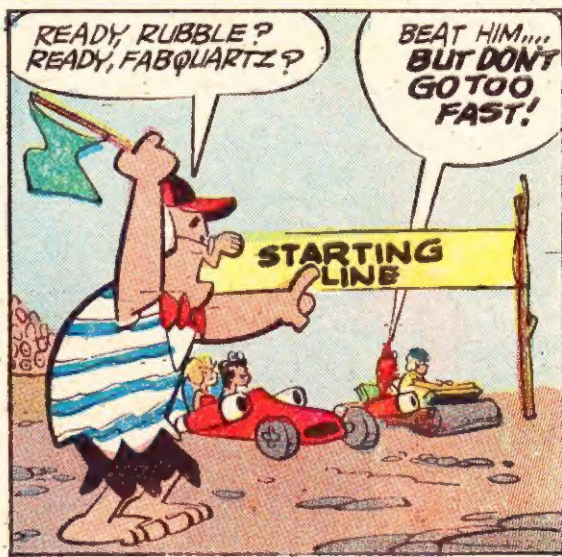
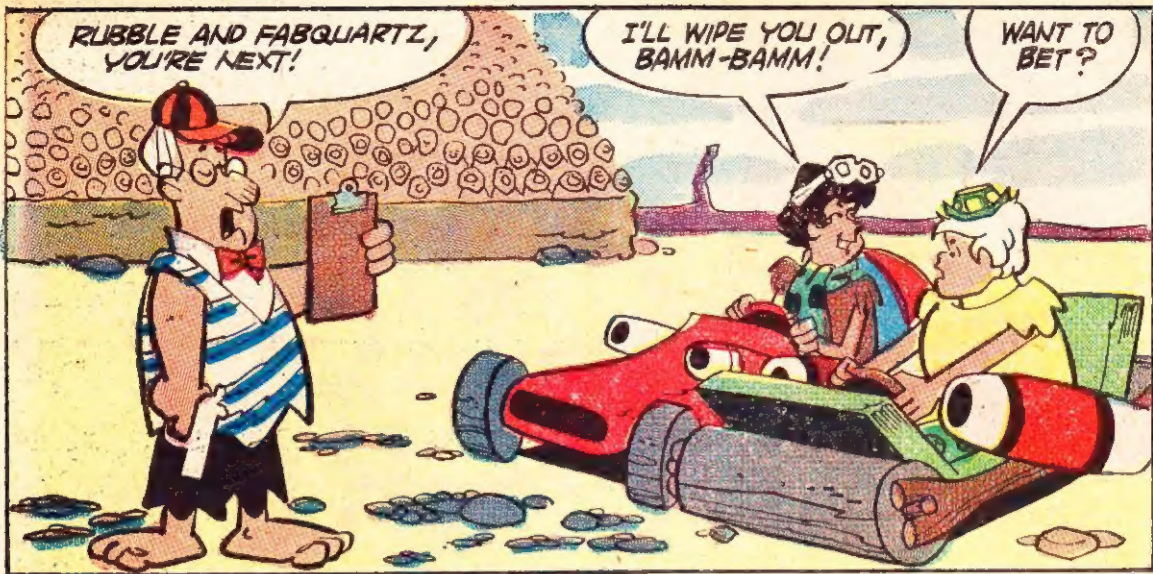


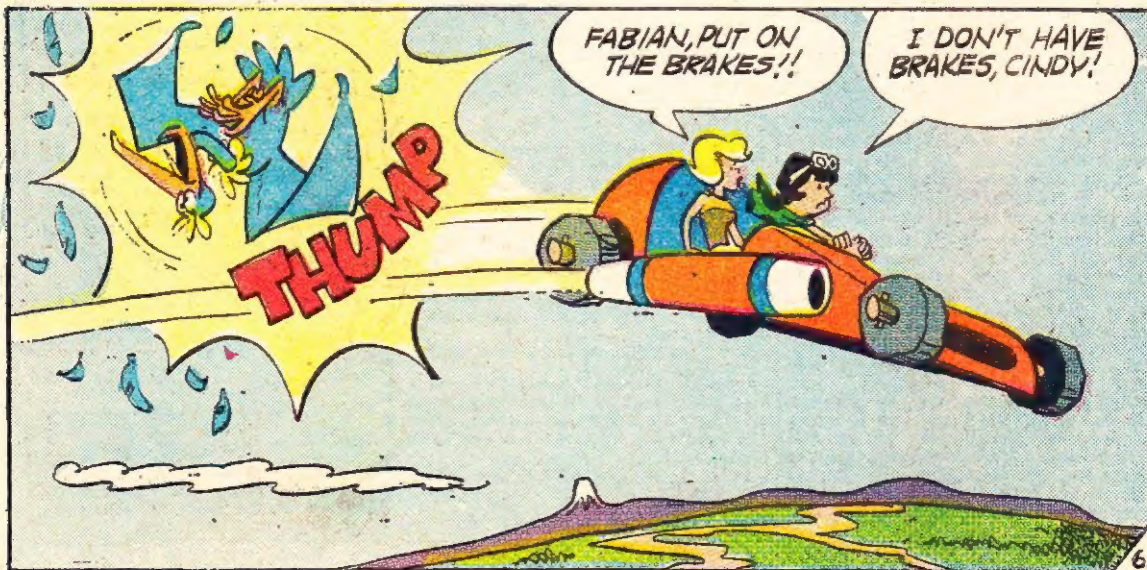
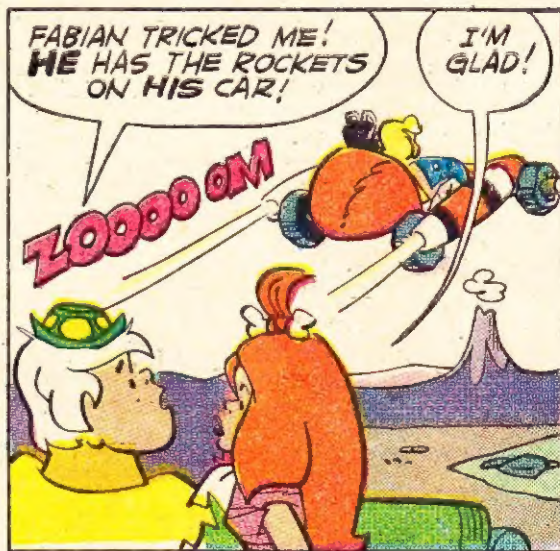
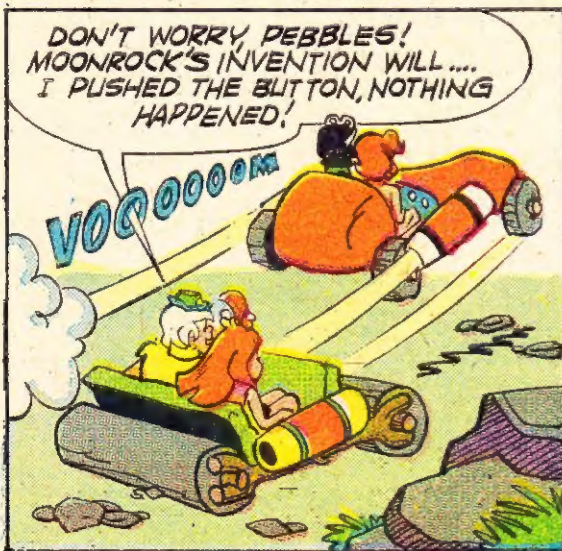
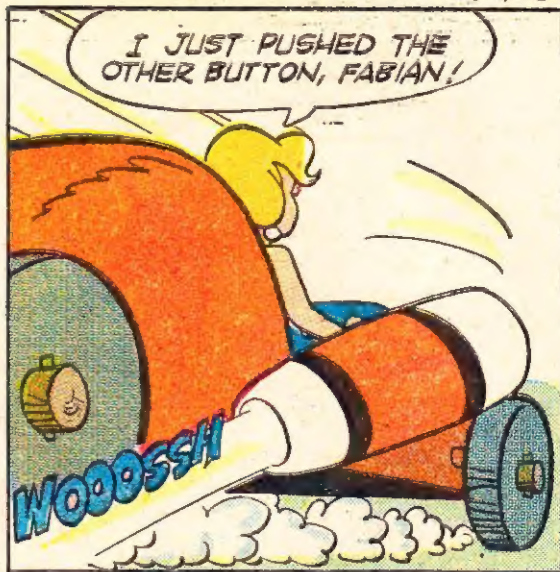
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WE PASSED THE FINISH LINE, CINDY! WE BEAT BAMM-BAMM!

FINISH LINE

SPLASH

HELP!
I CAN'T
SWIM.

NEITHER
CAN I!

LOOK! FABIAN'S
CAR GOES ON
WATER!

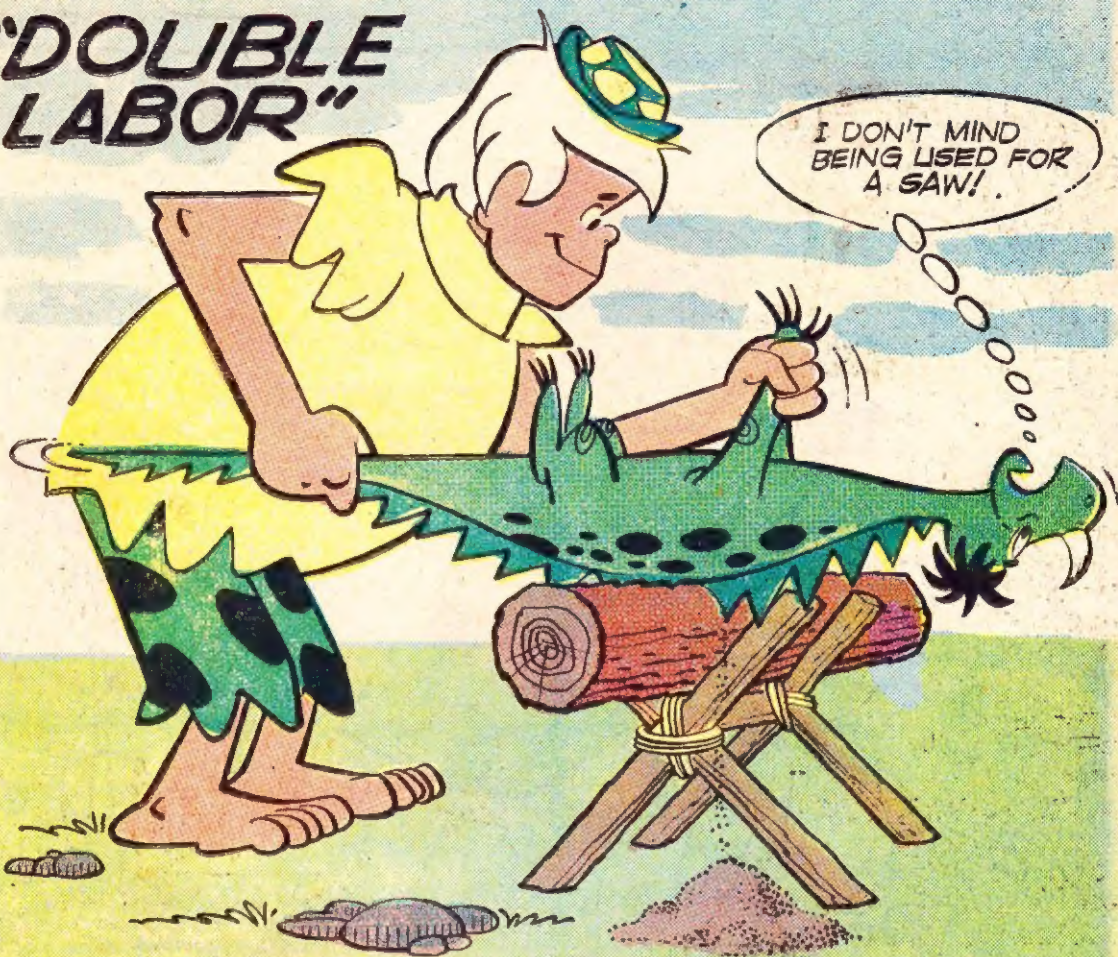
THIS IS MARVELOUS, FABIAN!
HOW ARE YOU DOING IT?

HEH-HEH-HEH--
I'M A TERRIFIC
DRIVER!

TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"DOUBLE LABOR"



D-6596



END

The Dragon Killer

STORY: NICOLA CUTI
ART: BILL WILLIAMS



In Merry Old England, when knights roamed the country-side in search of fortune and adventure, there lived a young farmboy called George. Unlike most boys his age, George held no longing desires to become a knight. He was contented to work with his father and mother on the farm and he looked forward to the day when he would have a farm of his own. Fate, however, had decided that George would become a knight and this is how it began.

On a trip into a nearby town, young George was startled by the screams of a maiden, who was obviously in distress. Although he was slight in stature and cautious in nature, George was not a coward and therefore he ran to see if he could aid the girl. To his relief, he discovered that the source of the maiden's

fear was a tiny lizard which he was able to chase away with a twig. The girl was grateful to George and after thanking him for his kindness in coming to her aid they parted company to continue their respective journeys.

That was all there was to the incident, but in town George was talked into joining some friends at the local tavern for a few mugs of ale. They sang and told jokes and then they began to brag of their travels and adventures. George listened for a while until he could no longer endure their tales and in one unguarded moment he said: "I saved a young maid's life, this morning, when I chased away a lizard who was threatening her."

The men continued their conversations except for

George's good friend, Richard, who felt obligated to answer George.

"A lizard," he said. "How big was the lizard?"

"Very big," George answered.

"Sure," said Richard, "but how big? Was it as big as a rat or a dog?"

If he admitted the truth, he knew that Richard would laugh at his attempt at bragging so he tried some harmless exaggerating.

"It was at least as large as a basset hound, no ... it was as large as a great dane."

"That was no lizard," said Tom Lonford, who had overheard the conversation. "Any lizard that large would have to be a dragon. Was it covered with scales?"

George couldn't remember but he said that it did seem to have a rough skin.

"It was a dragon alright," said Tom excitedly. "And did it breathe fire?"

With some hesitation, George answered: "Well, its breath was kinda hot."

Some of the other men in the tavern began to catch snatches of George's words and decided they were worth listening for more.

"Did someone say 'dragon'," asked a tall man with an ale soaked beard.

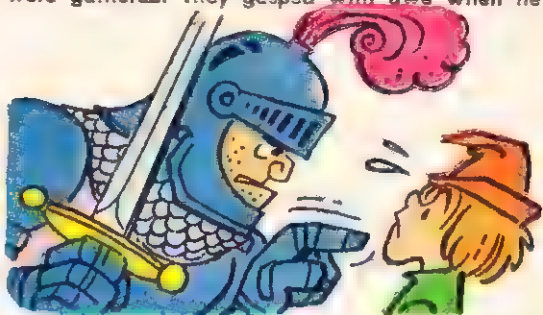
"Right here," yelled Tom as he waved toward the shy farmboy. "My friend, George, slew a dragon as big as a horse. Its teeth were like the prongs of pitchforks and its eyes glowed like the fires of twin lanterns."

Everyone was listening now including the bar keeper who hardly listened to stories anymore.

"Go ahead," insisted Richard. "Tell them about the dragon and don't forget about the girl. She was a princess with a silken gown, brocaded collar and she wore jeweled rings on each of her fingers."

But before George could describe the ferocity of the dragon or the beauty of the princess there was a thundering crash from the door and all eyes turned to see the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, stood the tallest, most powerful knight that anyone in the tavern had ever seen. He was dressed in black armor, dented from blows received in countless battles, and on his shield was painted the golden falcon of Sir Callan, the undefeatable.

The tavern was silent as the great knight strode across the planked floor to where the group of listeners were gathered. They gasped with awe when he



removed his helmet to reveal a scarred face adorned by a mass of curly red hair and thick red beard.

"Who," he said in a booming voice, "is the dragon slayer?"

Accusing heads turned to the frightened farmboy.

"I was passing by when I heard the commotion. If you be the dragon slayer, boy, then I challenge you to do battle with me for I have slain over thirty dragons and will not be belittled by a mere child."

The knight walked to the door, replaced his helmet and waited for George to join him.

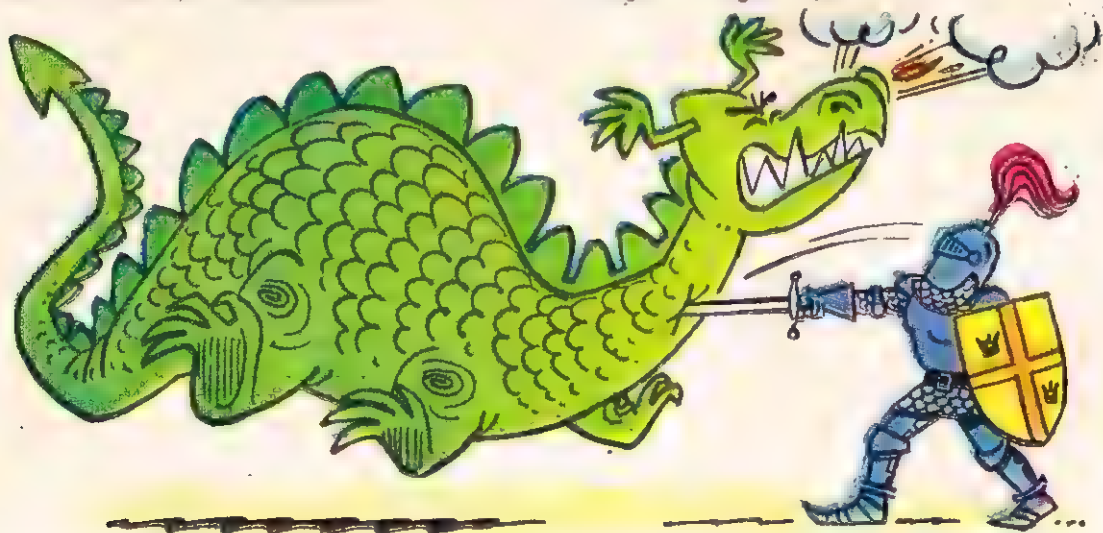
George did not want to fight the huge knight but a look into his friends' faces and he knew that he had no choice. Apprehensively, he walked to the door. Although he did not do all of the bragging, he allowed it to continue, and so he had to face the results of his inflated pride.

When he was outside, away from the tavern, he admitted the truth to the knight. "I am no dragon slayer, sir. I am what I seem to be, a poor farmboy who is great only in his lying."

Slowly, the knight lifted his visor upon the boy with a stern expression. George prepared himself to be killed but instead he heard laughter from Sir Callan.

"Boy," said the now jolly knight, "I am a liar also. I have only slain twenty dragons."

From that day forth, George became Sir Callan's squire and was someday destined to win fame as St. George, the dragon slayer.

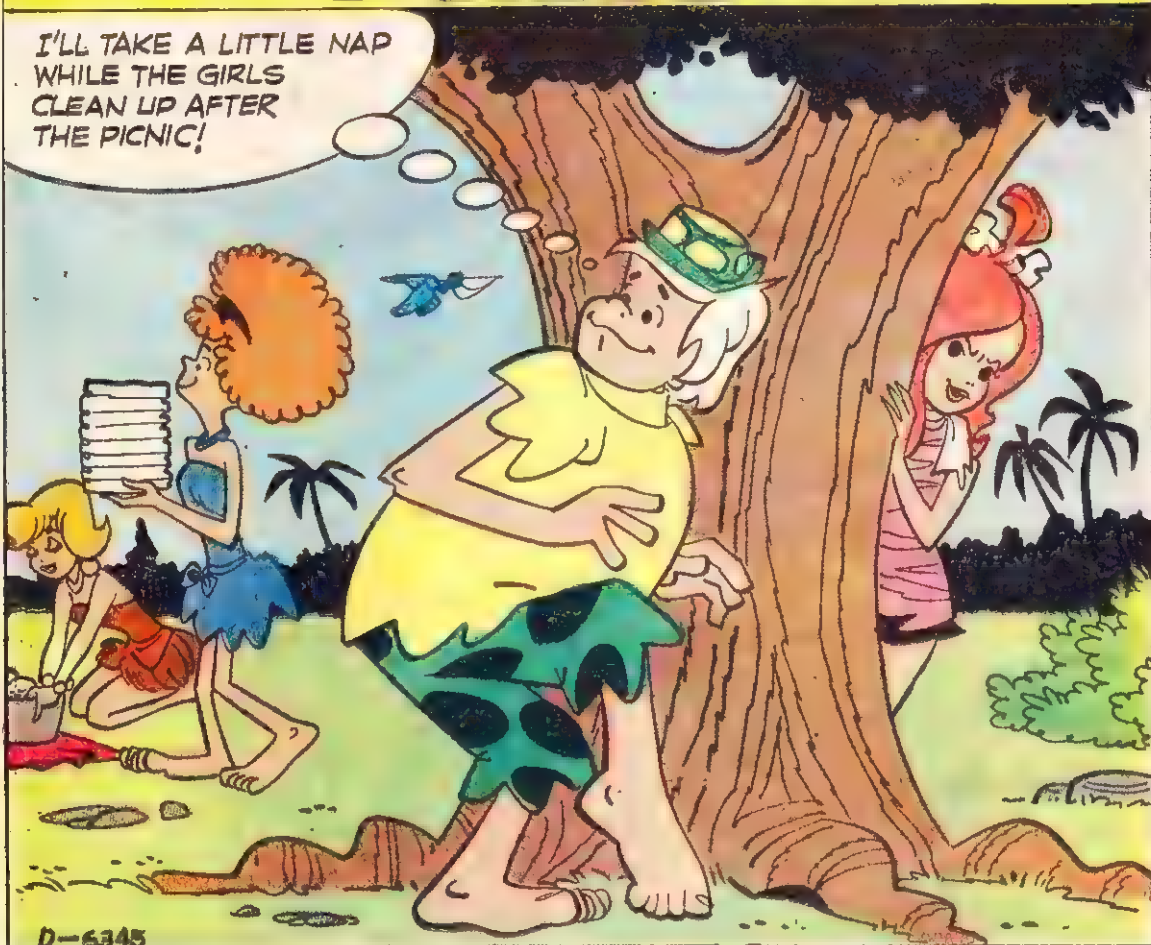




TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "FOILED"

I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP
WHILE THE GIRLS
CLEAN UP AFTER
THE PICNIC!



D-5345



OH, WELL... I WASN'T
SLEEPY ANYWAY!

END

TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "THEY'RE ALL MAD"

HALP! SAVE ME FROM
THIS MAD MONSTER!

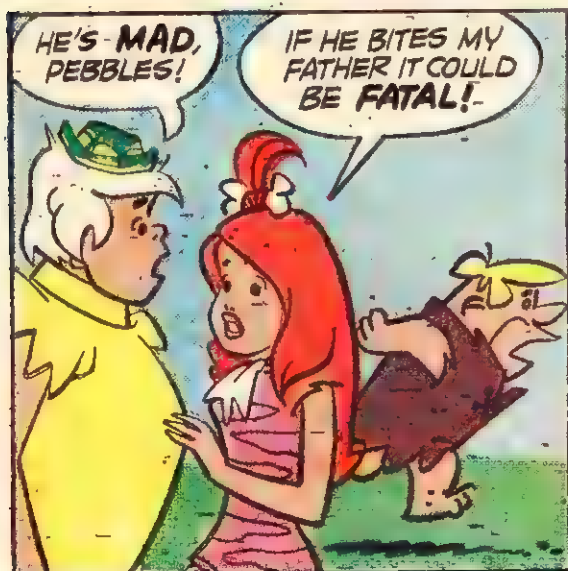
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
WOOLY, BAMM-BAMM! HE...

HE'S FOAMING
AT THE MOUTH
AND THAT
MEANS ONE
THING



HE'S MAD,
PEBBLES!

IF HE BITES MY
FATHER IT COULD
BE FATAL!-

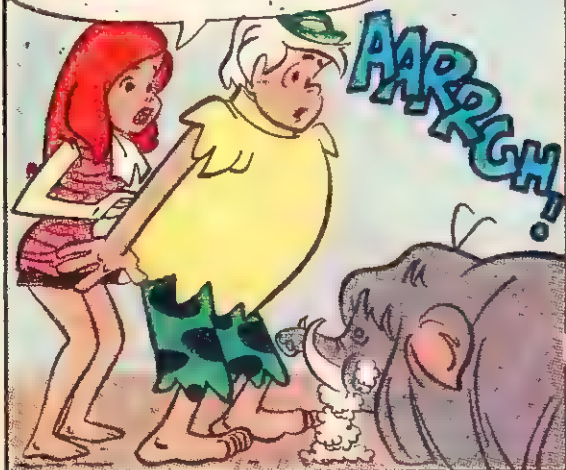


SOMEBODY CALL
THE DOG CATCHER!

WE WILL NOT! MY
SWEET LITTLE
WOOLY IS NOT MAD!
HERE, WOOLY!

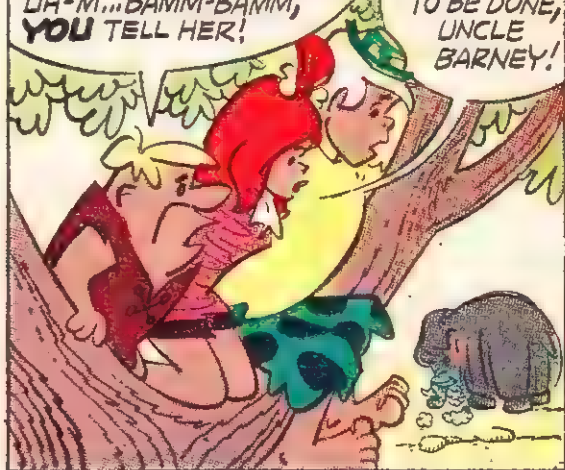


BAMM-BAMM,... WOOLY IS
GROWLING AT ME!



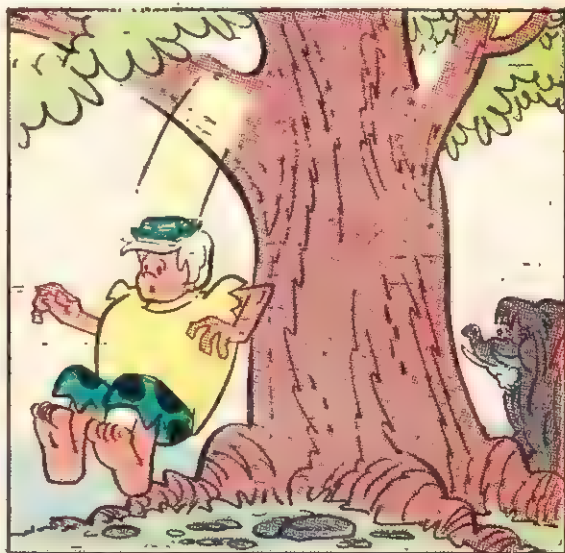
PEBBLES, IF WOOLY IS
MAD, HE'LL HAVE TO BE...
UH-M...BAMM-BAMM,
YOU TELL HER!

I KNOW
WHAT HAS
TO BE DONE,
UNCLE
BARNEY!

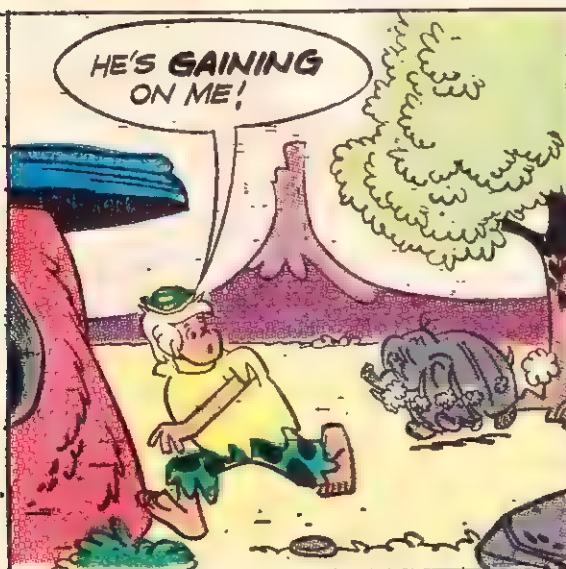


BAMM-BAMM, GET YOUR
GUN...IT'S BETTER THAT
A FRIEND SHOULD
DO IT AND DO
IT QUICK!

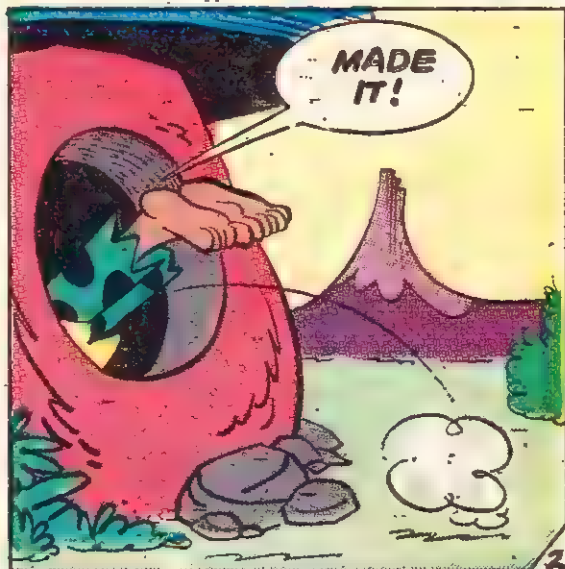
GEE, PEBBLES,
I.....WELL, I
GUESS
SOMEONE
GOTTA DO IT!

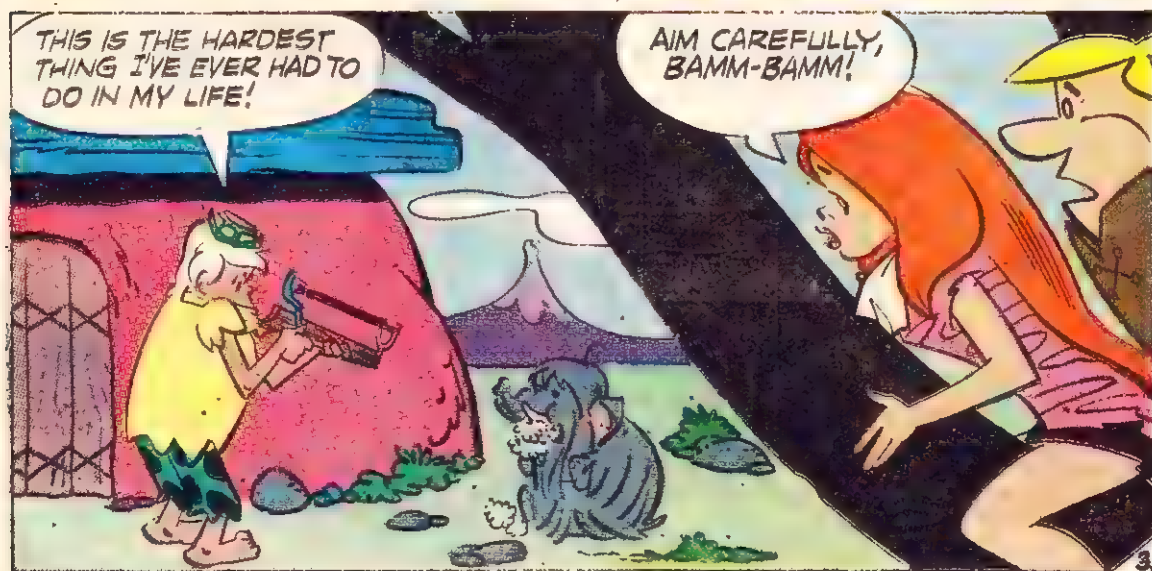
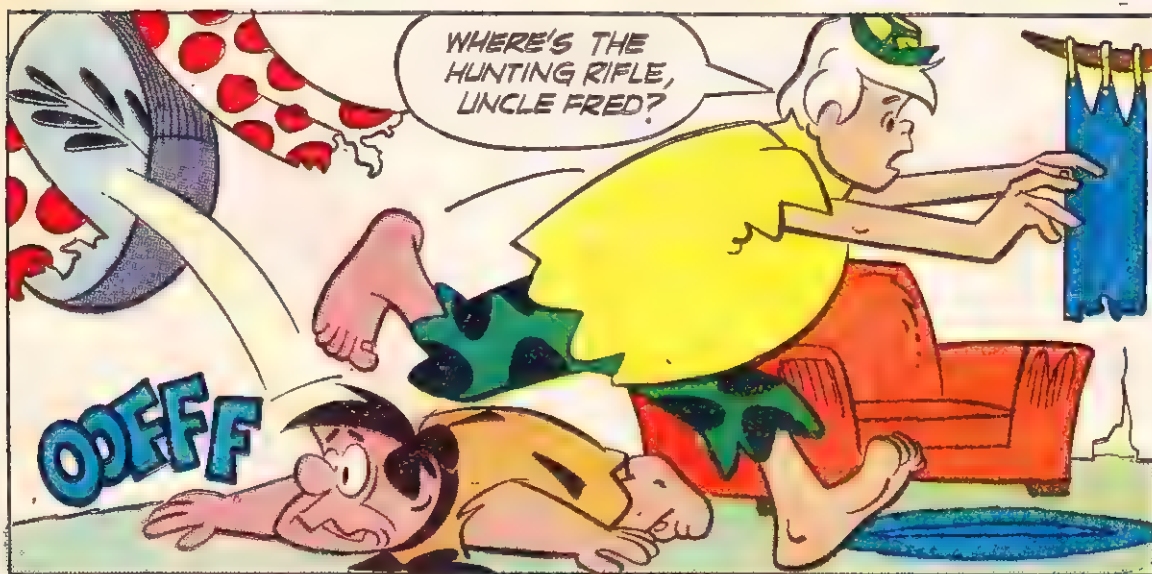


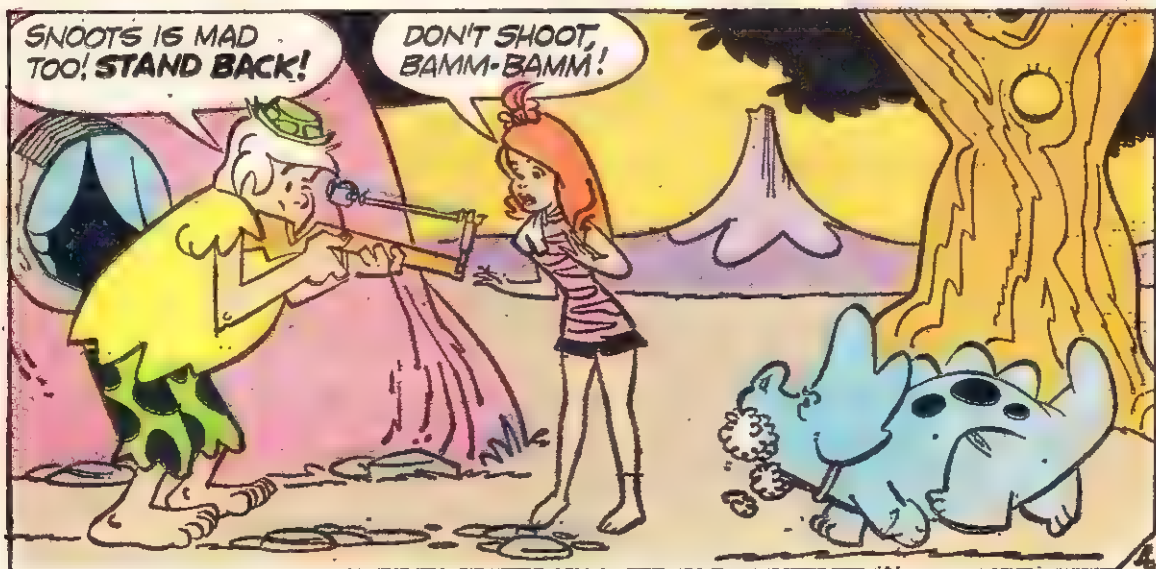
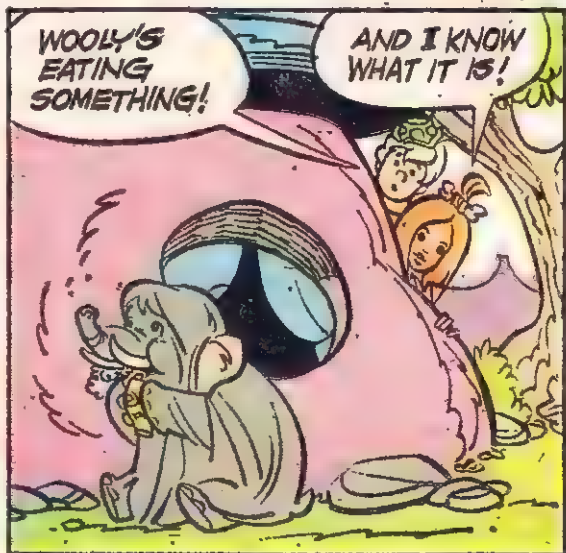
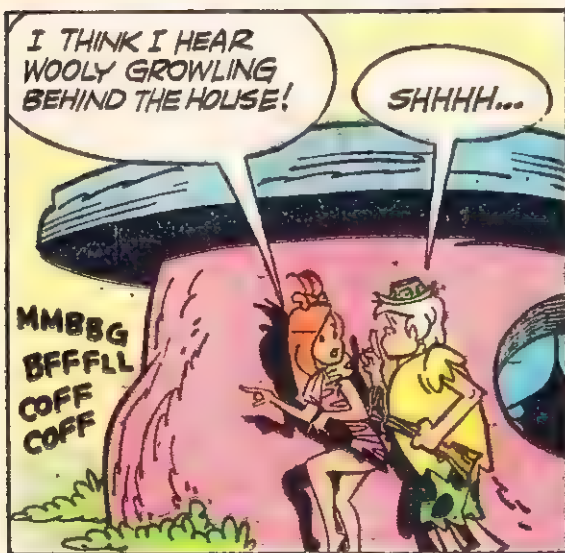
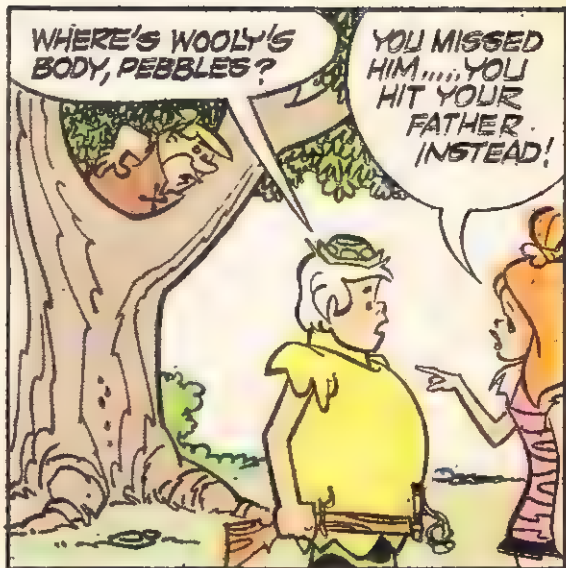
HE'S GAINING
ON ME!



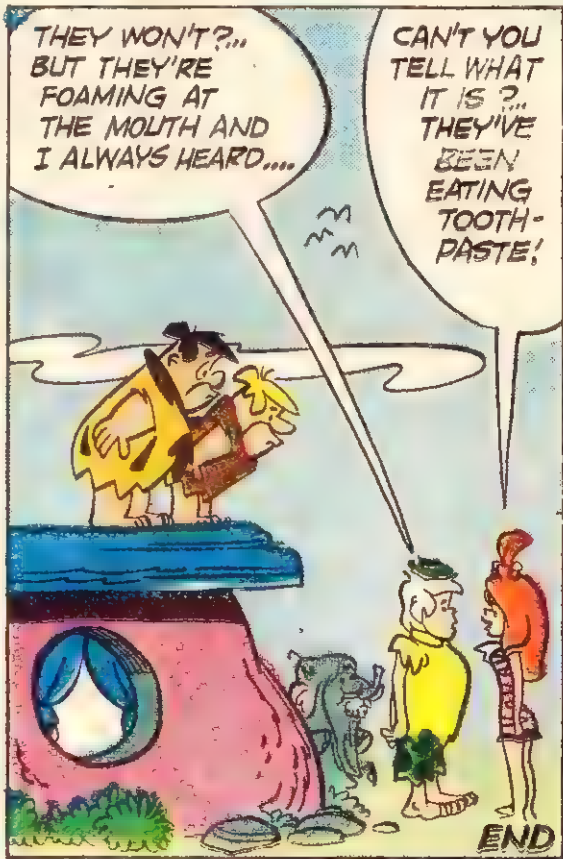
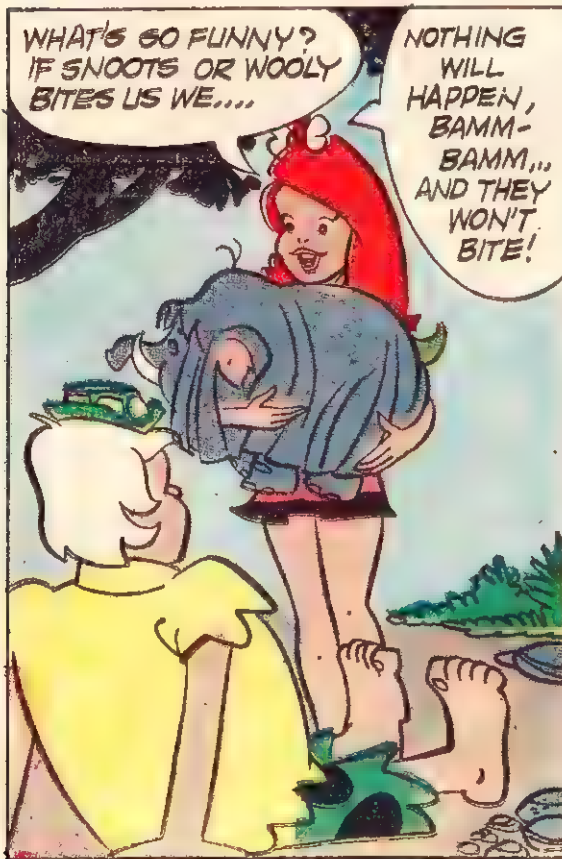
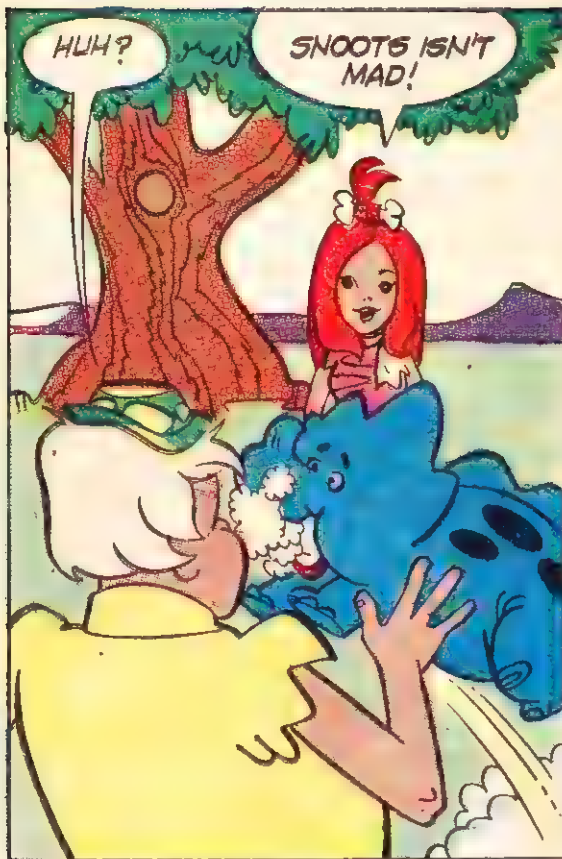
MADE
IT!







CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES



TEEN-AGE

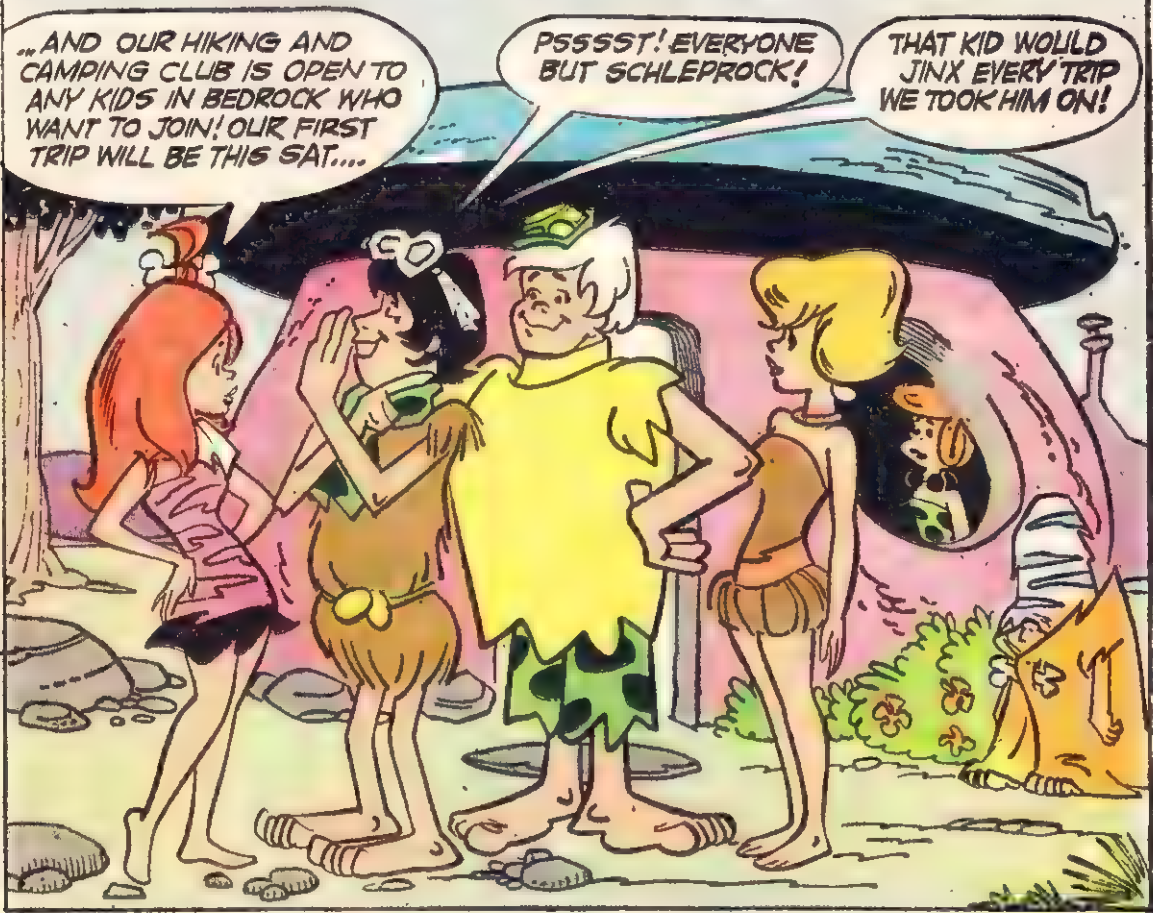
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

"EVERYTHING'S FINE EXCEPT"

"AND OUR HIKING AND CAMPING CLUB IS OPEN TO ANY KIDS IN BEDROCK WHO WANT TO JOIN! OUR FIRST TRIP WILL BE THIS SAT...."

PSSST! EVERYONE BUT SCHLEPROCK!

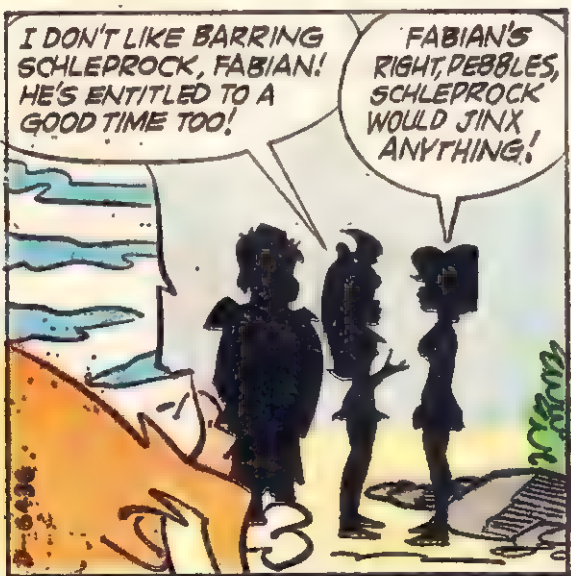
THAT KID WOULD JINX EVERY TRIP WE TOOK HIM ON!

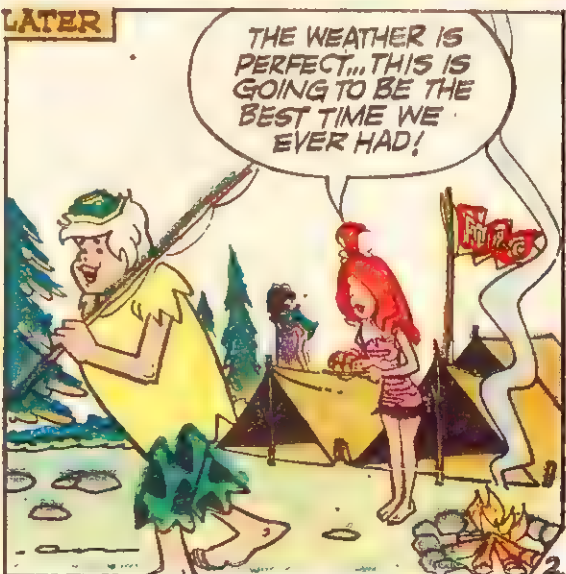
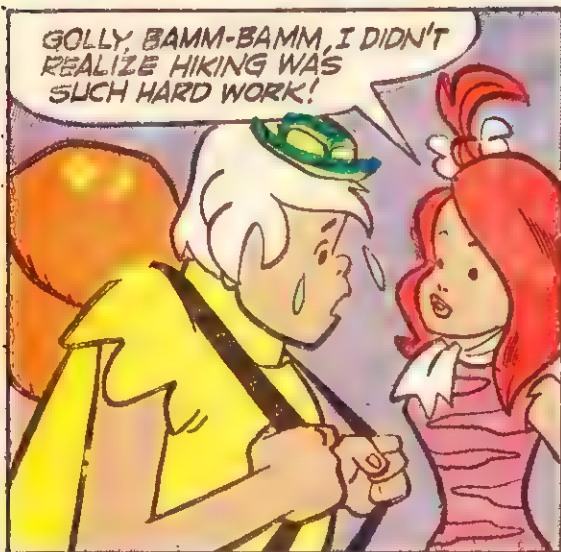
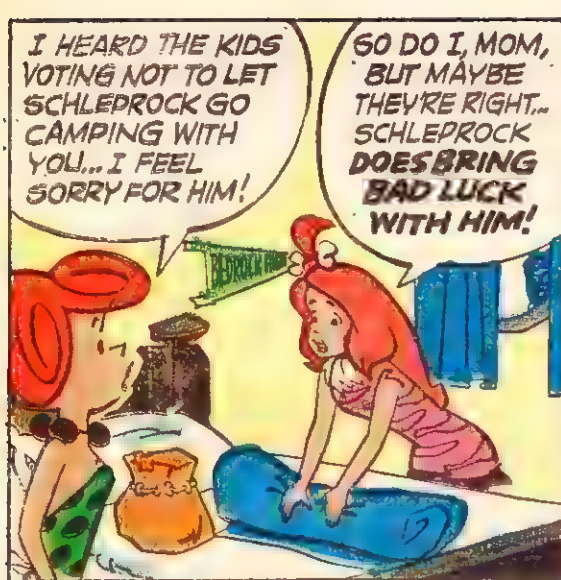


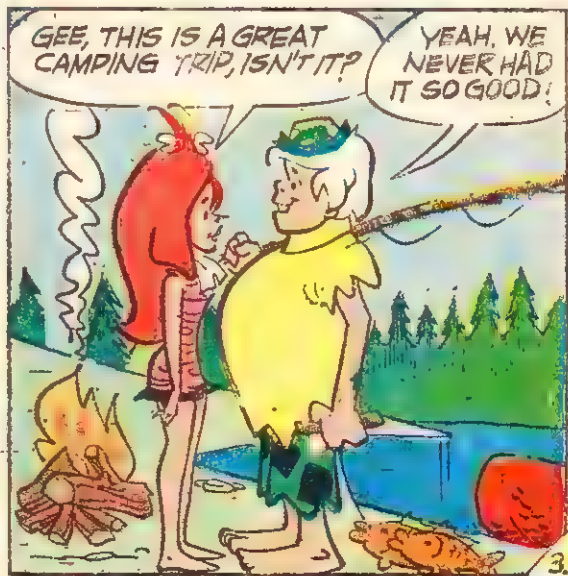
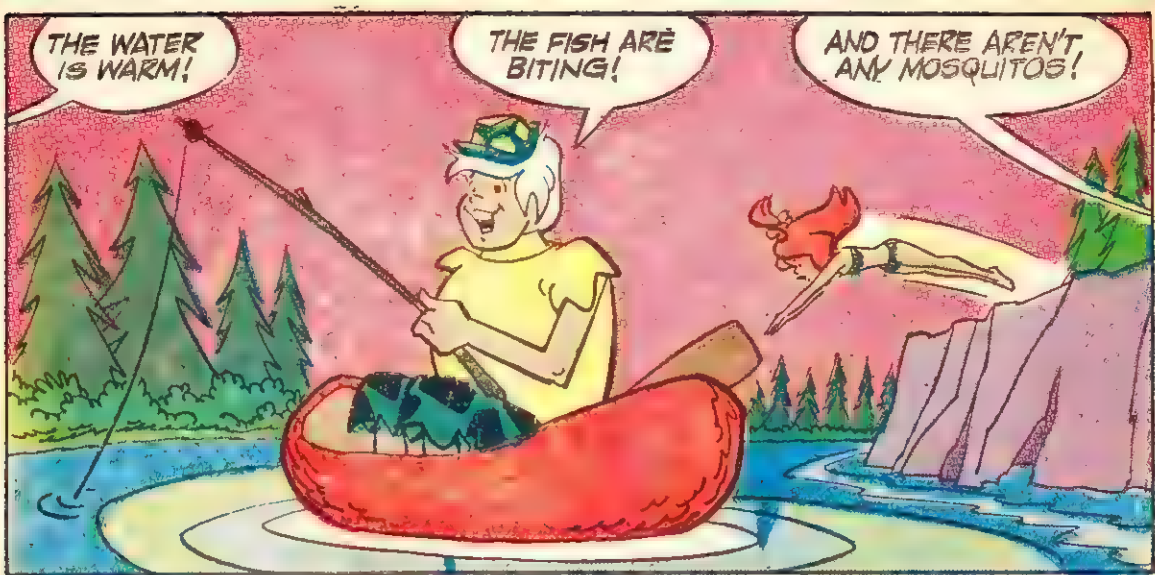
I DON'T LIKE BARRING SCHLEPROCK, FABIAN! HE'S ENTITLED TO A GOOD TIME TOO!

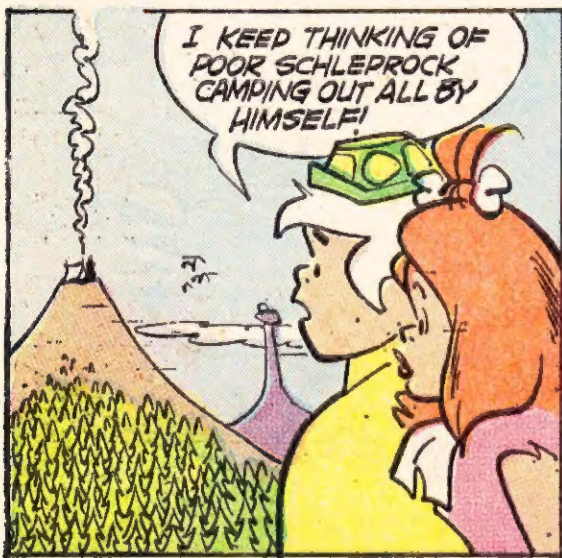
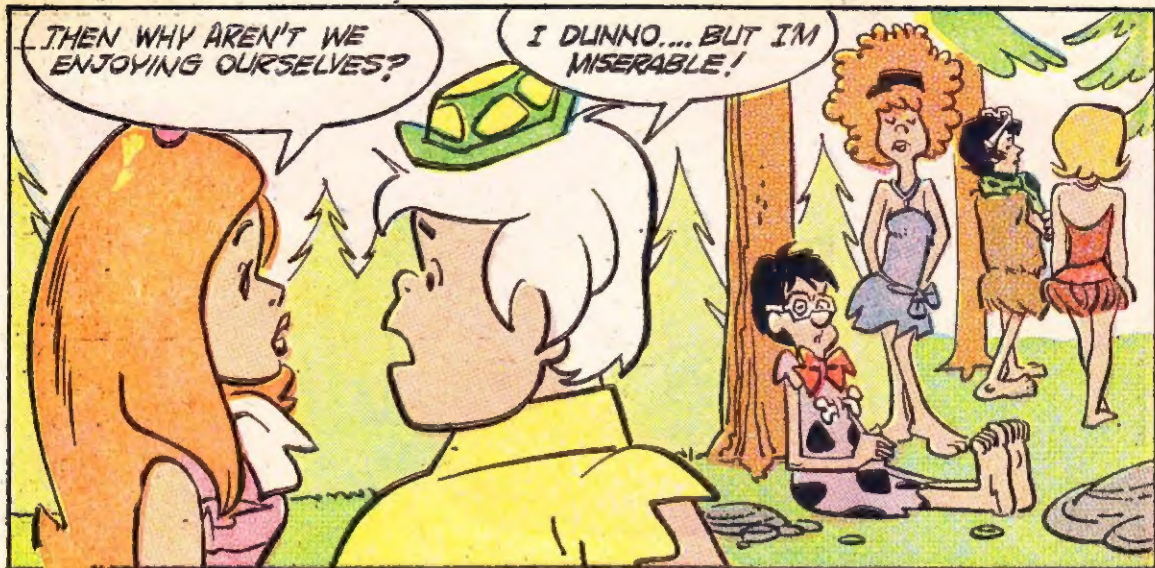
FABIAN'S RIGHT, PEBBLES, SCHLEPROCK WOULD JINX ANYTHING!

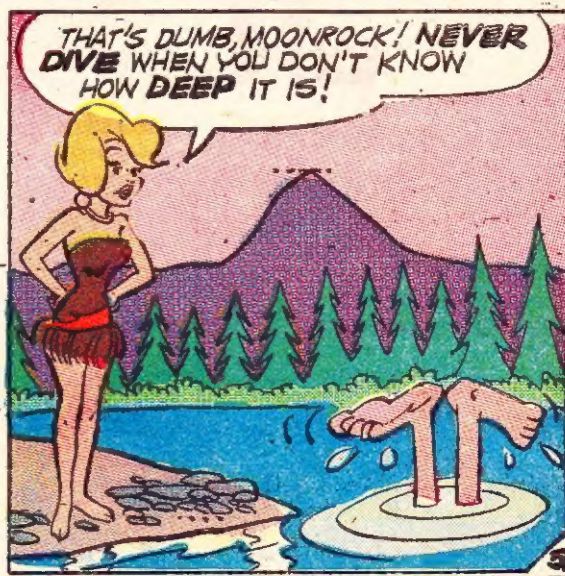
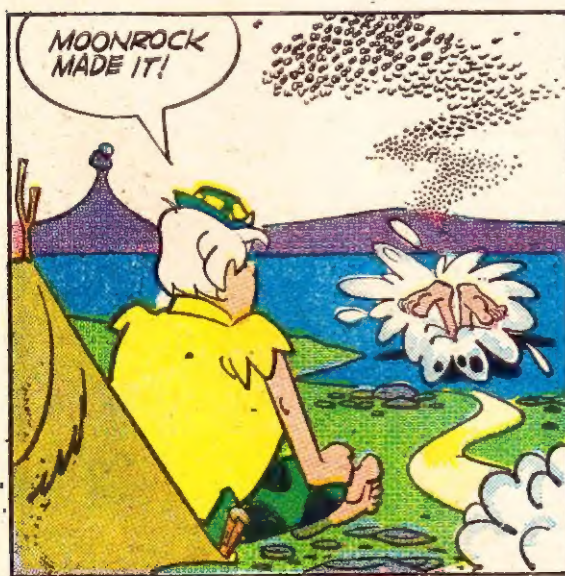
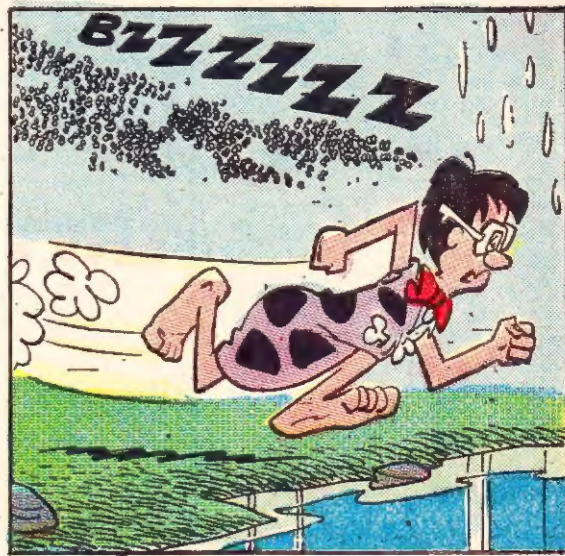
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUTVOTED, PEBBLES. I THINK IT'S MEAN NOT TO LET HIM JOIN OUR CLUB!

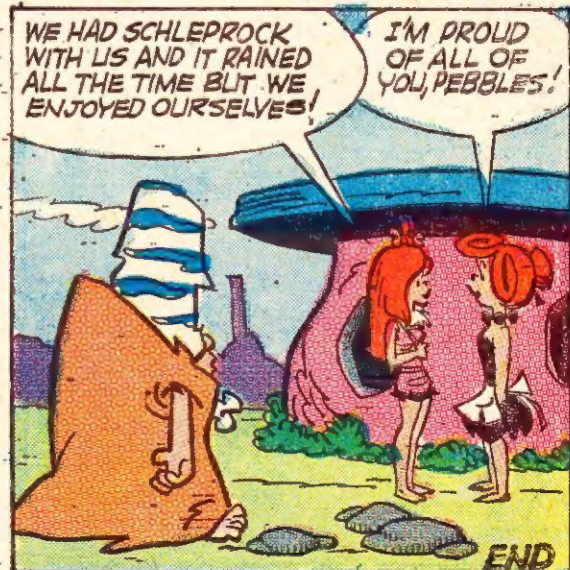
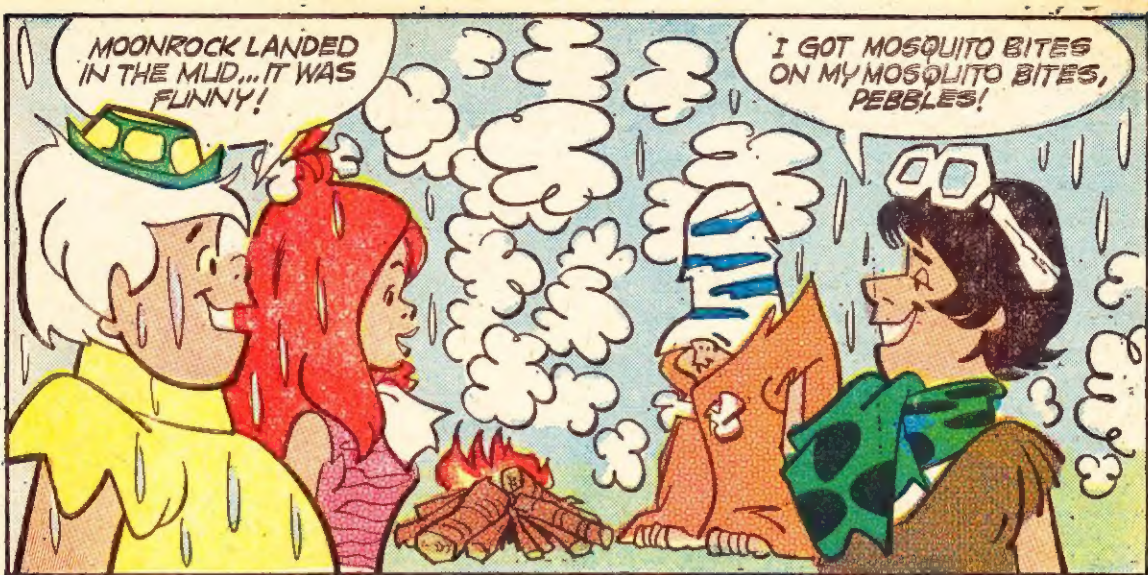








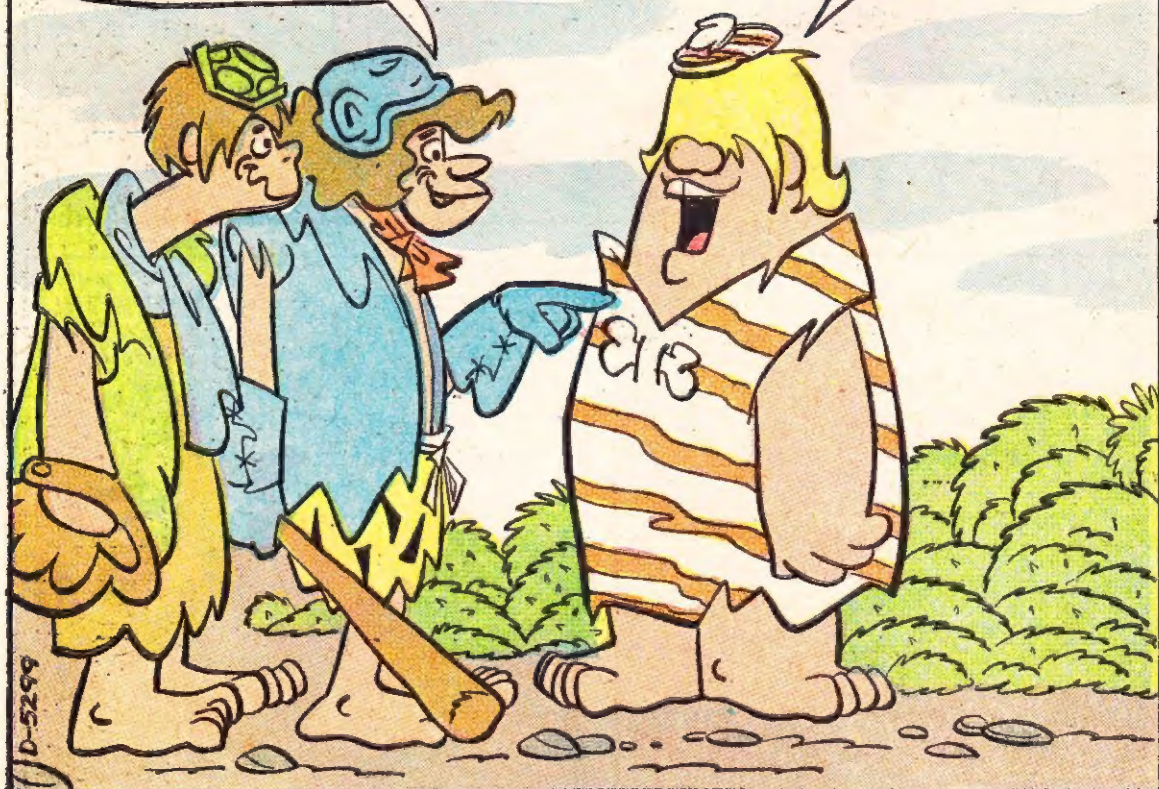




TEEN-AGE PEBBLES **AND** BAMM-BAMM IN "THE BIG ITCH"

YOU CUT DOWN THOSE BUSHES, ZONK, THEN WE'LL HAVE A BALL GAME!

OKAY, BRUNO!



BE CAREFUL, ZONK, THOSE BRAMBLES ARE AWFUL SCRATCHY!

THAT'S OKAY...



I'M KINDA ITCHY ANYWAY!

